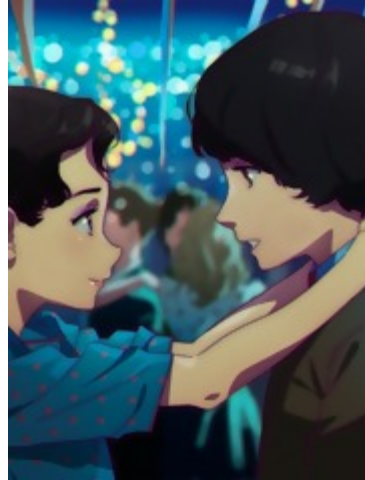




Tonight by xbiteme

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Summary: One shot set a few months after the Snowball dance. Mike invites El to sleep over at his house while his parents are gone for the weekend. (WARNING underage sex)

Tonight

He was just 14—some might say too young, but that wasn't going to stop El from screwing him. Ever since the dance she had felt something new. Along with the butterflies and sweet fluffy feelings she was used to feeling with Mike, she felt something different, a heavy pound in her chest and throbbing heat low between her legs. She had experienced lust for the first time there on the dance floor when his soft hands clutched her hips, and they swayed together in perfect sync. She had felt an explosion of butterflies in her stomach, knowing what was going to happen next, as he nervously leaned down into her kiss. His lips were soft against hers and when he slipped her his tongue it was suddenly different. She had never wanted anything more in her life than she wanted Mike in that very moment. She lay her head on his shoulder, smelling the sweet scent of his pungent, musky cologne, his dark raven curls tickling her cheek. For the next few weeks following after the dance, she craved his smell, and his touch, and his *taste*, and she lay in bed fantasizing about the feeling of his tongue in her mouth and down her the side of her neck and to her throat, where he sometimes let it travel when they were alone and unsupervised. She imagined his fingers trailing up her smooth thighs, slowly and gently letting his hands go where they wanted. His fingertips would graze her panties and she would whimper wanting more.

On one occasion, a few months after she had started fantasizing about him, they were down in Mike's basement *alone*—his mother had gone out shopping. They sat together on the couch, and he kissed her delicately like always, never wanting to rush her into anything. El appreciated his sweetness, but damn did she want a piece of this boy. On her own, El had turned the kissing into making out, and when his dick grew hard beneath the fabric of his pants, El's gaze swept over his erection realizing what she could do to him. She reached for him with her fingers, but he caught her hands gently.

"Hey," there was tender carefulness in his voice, drawing her eyes to his, as he sat up. "We're a little young, maybe it's too early for that k-kinda stuff," he stammered.

El felt a mix of confusion and hurt, and her face unduly revealed it. "Mike, I've loved you for a long time. I'm ready."

Mike's cheeks went remarkably red, "I'm just worried you don't understand the concept of sex, er—and if you did maybe you'd wanna wait til longer. I mean Nancy lost hers at sixteen, that's—"

El hushed his words with a finger over his mouth. "Mike. I understand everything and more about sex," she said completely unphased. "Max told me *everything*."

His cheeks burned red again, and El smiled imagining all the possibilities his mind was racing over, but the worry was still knitting his brows and biting at his lip. El fixed on it, her expression cool and collected. She wanted to kiss his soft lips, but she also wanted to go even further. "Don't you wanna misbehave a little?" her naughty smirk drew him over the edge and he leaned forward to kiss her in reply.

Young love is so sweet. It was like electric. Their smooth, teenage lips worked together in perfect sync, their tongue flicking collectively. It was so hot, they had never been so *sexual*. He planted soft, tender kisses down her neck, letting his tongue explore her collarbone causing her skin to pucker into sweet little goosebumps. Before they could go any further they heard the front door shut signaling his mother and Holly were home.

Another remarkable event, which El found herself to think about over and over again, was in late February, when Mike, El, and their friends stayed at Steve's house that night and despite the air was bitter than ever, he had a heated pool and a hot tub. Much later in the night, after they had all played in the pool and snuck a few beers, the other kids went to sleep meanwhile Mike and Eleven tranquilized in the jacuzzi, steam rose around them in a warm haze.

"I love it when we're all alone together," El had said shyly averting her eyes down at the hot bubbles pooling around her. She peeked up at him, sweeping over his sharp freckled cheekbones, into his puppy dog brown eyes, dreamy from the alcohol, and at his full red lips, praying for something—*anything* but innocent to happen next.

"I love it too," it came out in a low, raspy, hungry tone. Something she had never heard in his adolescent voice before. She thought it was so sexy. The lack of clothing and hot steam was doing something to him. The alcohol was making his head swim as lust overtook him. He was eager as they gravitated to each other. El linked her hands behind his neck, her fingers in his soft dark hair, it was almost jet black. She guided his face to hers, closing the distance between their mouths. When his cherry lips crashed into hers and they parted, and a soft groan escaped his throat. As their tongues collided, hot and wet as it was in the jacuzzi, she felt his arms come up around her body, and pull embrace her against his bare chest. She had never been so turned on in her life. She moaned as Mike tenderly kissed and sucked on her throat and collarbone. He focused his mouth too long on one spot resulting in a small, yet noticeable hickey.

"Mike, baby..." She had moaned and she saw his mouth, against her skin, curl into a sly smile. "*What are you doing to me?*"

But something held her back. If she had to admit it, she got a little scared when things would get so hot and tense. Maybe she wasn't ready. She didn't know. The anticipation was building for sure, things were starting to get hotter, even within the next couple months following the night in the hot tub, but she knew once they had sex it wouldn't be the same after. Max had told her this after El admitted to her that she and Mike were starting to get more *physical*.

One lucky weekend in early April, Mike's parents had gone to Michigan for a wedding and left Nancy in charge. They brought Holly with them, so Mike and Nancy had the entire house to themselves, so naturally, they took advantage of this.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler walked out the door to head to the airport, Mike slipped into the kitchen and called El.

After receiving the phone call from Mike, El packed a sleepover bag excitedly. Then the nervous thought flashed through her mind. *I'm going to be sleeping in his bedroom with him tonight.* Butterflies stirred in her stomach. *We're probably going to have sex tonight.* She was on edge from the thought of finally losing her virginity tonight.

She stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror, before finally

deciding to put on a tad bit of mascara. *We're going to be very close*, she thought, reaching for her cherry vanilla lip gloss. *And very physical.*

Her hair was longer now, falling in long bouncy curls down her to her shoulder blades. She gently ran a brush through it, making it look smoother and silkier. Before leaving the bathroom, El admired herself one more time, noticing how she looked sexier when her lashes were long and full. She returned to her room and pawed through her panty drawer until she found what she was looking for.

A few weeks ago, she had been shopping with Max when something caught her eye. A sexy, yet elegant lingerie set. It was light pink and lacy, the bra had no padding and the lace was so soft and delicate. She could just imagine how angelic she would look in it but it was it wasn't cheap. Luckily, she had some extra money in her allowance saved from Christmas. She had looked so divine, gazing in the mirror. The lace panties hugged her developing curvy hips, her perky supple breasts tucked away behind the thin lace fabric of the bralette.

She slipped into her secret lingerie, imaging Mike's reaction when he undressed her. She slid into some high waisted denim shorts that hugged her bubble but and clung to her slim waist. She pulled a top over her head, a cute white crop top that hung off one shoulder and exposed a few inches of belly. Looking smoking hot, she grabbed her bag, slid on her shoes, and misted some rose perfume on her wrists and neck.

She told Hopper, who was dozing off on the lazy boy, she was going to Max's house for the night, and then hurried out the door into twilight and clambered into Nancy's car.

"Thank you so much for picking me up," El sighed gratefully once they pulled out of the gravel drive.

"It's no problem at all," Nancy smiled, but she seemed to hold onto a thought, as she gripped the steering wheel. The thought troubled her expression for a moment, then El realized what it could be.

"Our parents are gone for the weekend..." Nancy remarked, her voice getting at something. "Are you planning on staying the night in

Mike's room?"

I could feel a rosy blush creep onto her cheeks. She wondered how protective an older sister was. "Are you okay with that?"

Nancy laughed. "It doesn't bother me or anything, Mike has a stash of Playboy mags in his room, so it's not like he's an innocent little boy anymore."

A tingle ran down El's core as she imagined Mike laying on his bed, getting off to those photographed naked girls, touching himself. El had seen porn once when she was at Max's house and they found an open magazine Billy had left out. A girl with bleached blonde hair and really nice, naked tits posed provocatively for the camera.

"He looks at those?" El asked in surprise, recalling her sweet little Mike.

"Yeah, he's gross." Nancy shook her head disappointedly.

"Yeah."

"Look, I don't know how far you and uh—my little brother has gone, but just be safe okay?" Nancy glanced over, offering a sweet yet pleading smile.

"Of course," El reassured her, "We haven't done much."

Nancy looked relieved, then reached into her purse next to her and pawed around for something as they lurched to a stop at a traffic light.

"Here," she passed El a condom packaged in gold and black aluminum.

El stared down at it blankly. She didn't know what to say. She had been on birth control for a few months because it helped with period cramps. She knew she wouldn't even need this condom, and she would make sure when he was about to blow his load he wouldn't do it inside her.

"It's a condom," Nancy unnecessarily explained, "Mike will know what

it is. It's for protection...you end up *going all the way*."

"Thanks, Nancy," she said appreciatively. Even though she didn't need it, she accepted it anyway, knowing it would make Nancy feel better.

When they finally got to the house, the soft purple twilight had faded into a blackness and twinkling stars.

El stuffed the condom in her shorts pocket, slung her bag over her shoulder, and stepped out of the car into the warm night. She followed Nancy inside, a warm feeling in her stomach getting more intense by the moment. With her head swimming dreamily, she sprang down the basement steps where Mike was sprawled out over one end of the couch reading a comic book with a UFO on the cover.

"Mike! "She squealed coming into sight and he tossed his comic onto the cushion and rose to his feet so she could hug him.

"Mmm," she sighed into his neck as they merged together, she inhaled his familiar scent. Over the smell of cologne, shampoo, and the laundry detergent that clung to the dark maroon pullover he was wearing, he also had this musky *boy* smell she thought was so sexy. It was vaguely like body heat and sweat, pungent and sweet. His warm arms came around her body and she just could not get enough of him, "I missed you so much, Mike."

"I missed you more," his voice was husky. El remembered how different it had been last year and for some reason, the sound of his voice caused an ache between her thighs. His arms retracted from their embrace so he could hold gently seize her chin when he kissed her. "I have the whole night planned. *Extra special*."

"Really," she mused, pulling away to slip off her shoes and put her bag down.

"Uh—why don't we just bring all that up to my room?" he suggested and watched her ass as she bent down to pick her stuff back up. "Here, El, I'll take that."

She passed him the moderately light bag she packed and followed him up the squeaky basement steps, shoes in hand. She watched him

as he led her through the house, staring at his gleaming raven hair. El notices he's getting taller, *he's at this lanky stage of puberty*, he glanced back at her, "We're going to watch Friday the 13th," his voice comes out slightly hoarse.

"Okay," she replies dumbly. *He's too cute.*

"You won't be too scared or anything, right?" He teased as they entered his room.

"Scared?" she echoed like it was the last thing on her mind. As soon as his bed came into sight her stomach tickled with excitement and fright. *I'm going to be sleeping there tonight.* She thinks her eyes trace over his pillows and blankets a crumbled mess on the mattress. "Not me," she laughed.

"Good," He tossed her bag onto a bean bag chair and she set her shoes down beside it. "If you *do* end up getting scared, I'm here to protect you," he added heroically.

She laughed as she followed him back down the steps. They both knew if anyone was going to do the protecting it was her. Sure, Mike was a boy and a little bit bigger than she was, but her superhuman powers outranked him.

Mike put the movie on in the living room, which was usually occupied by his father, Holly, or Nancy, but this time it was vacant other than the two of them.

El sat on the couch wrapped in the giant blue comforter from Mike's bed. She waited for him while he made microwave popcorn for their movie night. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. They were completely unsupervised. They were all *alone*. Nancy was up in her room, and El doubted she would come downstairs. They could be having sex right now, the thought bubbled in her stomach. This happened every time they were alone together—her heart pulsed faster, how the spot between her thighs *ached*.

Mike lingered in the doorway, humming softly to himself, while the popcorn cooked. He looked over his shoulder at her, smiling dumbly.

"Come here," El commanded rather than asked, and certain softness in her voice let Mike know she *wanted* him, and he obeyed. He kind of wandered over to her, in a way a learning puppy would, and the moment he was in reaching distance, she grabbed his hands pulling him to the couch.

By the look on his face, she could just tell he knew she was about to kiss him. His smirk grew slyer, then broke into a grin as her hand came behind his neck and to pull him into a kiss.

Her lips edged close to his, so near, she could feel his hot breath and smell his pungent sweet odor, their lips almost brushing. She admired his sharp cheekbones, the scatter of freckles dusted over his flushed cheeks and nose. Their eyes met and at that moment she could see the want, the *need*, in his dark eyes. She wanted him so bad, but she also to be wild and unpredictable. Their lips were so close for that one heartbeat, then she shoved him onto the side of the couch. He gave away with a cry—his voice remarkably cracking—she was caught in a fit of laughter and wasn't ready when he tackled her to onto her back and she thrashed around under his weight for a moment before giving up. If she used her mind she could throw him off easily, but instead, she remained weak under his hold.

"You know I'm stronger than you," he teased cockily, his voice low and husky. He was on top of her, propped up on his elbows, their faces inches just inches apart. She's never had him over her like this, *pinning her down*. She felt the subtle rise and fall of his chest. Lower, her crotch throbbed with lust and the moment the very apparent bulge in his gray sweatpants brushed in between her thighs, she gave into his lips.

The moment their lips made contact, the ache between her thighs intensified with need. Once she had him by the mouth he seemed more eager than her. He parted his delicious cherry lips and graced her with his greedy and very proficient tongue. He tasted like soda, like teenage-boy, and he was so good at kissing, her pussy ached with need and pressed her crotch up against his. *His dick is so hard*, her head was swimming with lust. His fingers met her thigh and trailed up her smooth tender skin.

"Mikey," she gasped softly as their lips unlocked for half a second, his

boner grinding against the sweet, wet, aching spot between her legs. "I want you so bad."

"I wantchu too baby," Mike's thirsty voice was so low and raspy, now, his lips were red as wine and swollen from massaging against hers. "We should go upstairs."

Suddenly the microwave beep loudly and Mike groaned in irritation, hesitantly ripping himself away from her. El watched him turn into the kitchen, then she bundled up the blanket and headed up the stairs for his bedroom. He would just meet her there.

Although El was hornier than ever, she was also so nervous. *What if it hurts?* She worried to herself, pushing open his door. The sight of his bed gave her butterflies. She climbed onto the mattress as the worry melted away, tugging the comforter around her body. *He sleeps here*, she thinks. The blankets and sheets even smell like him. It seemed like an innocent thought but she was so horny. She dirtily imagined him flipping through the pages of a playboy, beating off to huge perky tits, glimmering with oil, nipples hard and pink. Girls laying across expensive leather couches posing for the camera, their legs stretched out wide, spreading open their wet, pink pussies with their slim and perfectly manicured fingers. Mike would stare at their exposed cunts, pumping his hard cock with his hand, thinking about pounding Eleven. She knew he thought about her. She was throbbing just thinking about him. El decided she would change into her PJs since they were probably going to be upstairs for the rest of the night.

She crawled out of bed, sitting on the floor next to the bean bag digging around for the comfy shorts she brought to sleep in. They were short on her but they were comfortable, and she knew Mike would like them. When she came across them, she stood up and slid the denim shorts down her soft, freshly shaved legs, and shrugged out of her top. The body mirror by Mike's dresser allowed her to admire how sexy and she looked in her pink, lace lingerie. She felt like a model or even a *playboy bunny*.

Mike pushed open the door and El instinctively wanted to cover herself, but then realized in half a second she *wanted* him to see her. She watched his eyes goggle as he took in her exposed body. He had

never seen her this uncovered before. His mouth hung slightly open, his gaze trailing up the delicate curve of her hips, slender waist, and supple perky tits. She felt her cheeks grow hot as his eyes assessed her.

"I-I," he nervously stuttered, his cheeks burning crimson. His demeanor had completely changed. The sexy confidence he had retained downstairs was now long gone, leaving a shy, stuttering, rather flushed pubescent boy. He wasn't expecting to see her like this when he opened the door.

"Sorry—I was changing into my PJs," she squeaked shyly.

He had never been in a situation like this before. So close to an almost naked, sexy girl that *wanted* him.

"It okay," he replied dumbly, staring at her body. "I-I mean, don't be sorry, you look..sexy," he breathed the last word like he was too shy to say it louder. Her body was just doing something to him. She looked so divine and sexy, yet delicate. She was a goddess.

El knew he would love her new lingerie. She strode up to him, her coffee curls bouncing as she moved, and met him eye to eye. He licked his lips, glancing between her mouth and amber gaze, before she leaned forward to press her lips against his, a cute, faint groan escaping his throat on impact. *Mike tastes so delicious*, she thinks, feeling a spark between her thighs. She wanted to feel him there. His hands couldn't do anything—they were holding popcorn and soda—but her hands could. The lustful darker side of her took control, her hands met his waist and pulled his body against hers. His thick hard-on rubbed against her aching crotch and she kissed him harder with *need*. El needed to feel him between her thighs, her hands slid from his waist to his ass and squeezed it gently, as she forced his body harder against her.

"El," he gently broke away from the kiss, " just lemme put just put this down, okay? We should move to the bed," he said huskily, that last word sent butterflies throughout her entire body. This was it. They were about to have sex for the first time.

She slipped between the cool sheets, watching him set everything

down before getting into bed, himself. As soon as he was close enough to reach, her delicate hands were everywhere—in his soft raven hair, his shoulders, and neck—her pink full lips were first against his, then across his jaw, behind his ear, trailing down his neck. She sucked on his throat, caressing his smooth, milky skin with her tongue. His hands clung to her waist, and around her ass, massaging her soft plump cheeks, so exposed in the tiny lace panties. *She has a great ass*, he thinks thirstily.

El withdrew her hot mouth from his tender throat revealing a fresh, red hickey.

"My mom's gonna freak," he groaned, but El paid no mind to what he was saying, as she tugged his sweatshirt up over his head exposing his bare chest. His frame was slim and boyish, but there was a developing broadness to his freckled shoulders and a subtle tone to his abdomen. She eyed the sexy trail of hair under his belly button, trailing lower than El could see due to the generous amount of clothing. He smelled faintly of cologne—the expensive kind that's on sale at the mall during Christmas time—but more heavily of pungent boyish body heat.

Then it all seemed to happen too quickly. El mounted him never breaking their kiss, his hard cock teasingly slid against her throbbing clit, wetness sucking at the lace fabric covering her tight entrance. Her hips naturally began to roll against him, grinding and rotating in circles on his boner, the feeling so rich it was almost unbearable.

She broke their kiss, his lips swollen and cherry, his cheeks blushing. Their eyes met in a dreamy haze he felt her fingers around the waistband of his sweatpants, gently tugged them down. He shimmied out of them to aid the process.

El's hands came around her back to unclip her bra. *God knows Mike would never be able to figure it out*, and she discarded the thin lace bralette, tossing it to the floor. She leaned back in her cowgirl position so Mike could get a good look at her tits. Her pussy throbbed as he stared, his mouth open dumbly. Her nipples were pink and hard, like little rosebuds, her smooth supple tits looked reminded him of soft juicy peaches. She felt his cock twitch against her wet panties.

"C-can I touch-"

"Yes, Mike," she moaned like it was a dumb question. *Which it was.*

He grabbed her tits in tight handfuls, squeezing and massaging them, rolling her sensitive, hard nipples between his thumbs and index fingers until they were swollen and numb. She lowered her head to greet his soft full lips, moaning into his delicious kiss and grinding her aching pussy against his throbbing erection.

When she just simply couldn't take the foreplay any longer, she sat up and slid her wet panties down her silky thighs. Mike parted his lips as his eyes took in her pink, tender, and very *wet* pussy. She had completely shaved it bare. His fingers graced her smooth lips, traced her delicate, sensitive clitoris, and his middle finger paused over her wet tight entrance. It felt so much better when it was his fingers, she thought. His fingers were smooth and clean—they were the same fingers he would use to take a math test in school next week or help his mother with the dishes. But right now they were touching her. The thought edged her on further.

"Please, Mikey, I want you so bad," She pleaded in a whisper, *the teasing is becoming unbearable*, and when they're eyes met his gaze softened.

"It might hurt a little bit when it goes in, okay?" he warned her gently and she nodded eagerly awaiting him to remove his boxers. She didn't care if it hurt, because she knew it would start to feel good after a few moments—Max had told her.

"Okay, I'll be fine," she promised, watching him unravel himself completely. His slipped his boxers off. Mike's cock was so nice. It was probably a little longer than an average 14-year-old boy, El guessed. It was thick and smooth, protruding out of a small amount jet-black pubic hair. A bead of precum collected at the swollen red tip of his cock, before El's mouth replaced it, without even thinking. Her head sank lower as she took his full length into her mouth, almost gagging as the head neared her uvula. Her tongue swirled around it and as sucked his cock like it was a delicious cherry popsicle on a hot summer's day. Mike let out a pleased moan, much higher than usual as he began to lose control of himself. His hand clutched the

back of her head gently, to guide her. When she started to figure out what made him squirm more, she began to bob her head up and down her hand pumping along his shaft, slippery and wet with saliva. She caressed his balls gently at first, trying to figure out how comfortable he'd be if she popped them into her mouth.

She massaged his sensitive, smooth sack with her palm and fingers before extracting his slick hard cock from her mouth, thick strings of saliva still connecting the two. It was a sloppy yet sexy view for Mike. *God, she's so dirty. I love it,* Mike thought, as she took his balls into her mouth sucking at them, her tongue licking across his sack, still pumping his slippery cock with her hand. She popped them back out of her mouth and massaged them again with her hand, and they slipped around her fingers slick and tenderly, causing a low groan to erupt from the back of his throat.

Thirstier than ever, El then climbed on top of her juvenile boyfriend, straddling him. As she lowered herself onto his dick, he gingerly guided it directly into her tight wet hole. The swollen pink head of his cock pushed in, and she gasped his name, half pleased, half pained, letting her head fall into the crook of his neck. The walls of her pussy tightened around him as he slid deeper and deeper into her wet pink folds.

"*Fuck,*" he cursed under his breath. *She was so tight.* She felt so full of him inside her, and he paused allowing her to take a breath and get adjusted to the unfamiliar thickness. She squeezed his shoulder as he slowly slid back out of her. When the head of his cock was almost completely extracted, he pushed it back in, causing her to moan, this time feeling more pleasurable. He did it again. Each time it felt better and better.

"Harder, Mike," she breathed out the command, and he obliged. He slid his dick almost completely out and then slammed it back in, with greater force this time, causing her to gasp at the intense pleasure. "*Yes, baby, just like that,*" she moaned so sexually Mike hardly could believe it came out of her mouth.

Say no more. With a better understanding of how much she could take, he lifted her hips so he could pound her into fulfillment, make all her scream his name until all of her desires and dreams came true.

He watched her facial expressions as he sped up or slow down, encouraging his pace. She threw her head back with a pleased wail, completely forgetting that his sister was in the next room over.

El leaned lower so Mike could suck on her tits. He took her hard pink nipple into his mouth and it was delicate, like a little flower. She moaned softly, as he twirled his hot, wet tongue around it and sucked on the tip of the bud, after fitting her whole small tit in his mouth, making it slippery with his saliva. She watched him in through her marmalade, amber gaze, under full, dark lashes as he continued to fuck her. She could feel the tingling sensation elevating—she was about to come.

When she pulled her nipple from his warm mouth, it was red, swollen, and tender from his mouth. His thrusts became more powerful then as he focused his attention on making her climax.

"Mike," she threw her head back and cried his name over and over again.

"Shh, baby, my sister will hear us!" he whined, reminding her they didn't have the house to themselves.

She shrank down to his chest to lay her head against his shoulder, so her lips could grace his ear. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest, his fingers squeezing her ass and hips as he pounded her until she was about to explode.

"I'm about to c-come," she panted into his ear, and as soon as the words left her tongue, she felt the burst of ecstasy and euphoria, the tinkle of fireworks going off in her core. "Miiike," She wailed giving into his chest, her body hot and throbbing.

"Fuck, I'm coming," his voice cracked at it came out hoarse through gritted teeth. She watched his eyes squeeze shut and his adorable, freckled nose crinkle as he climaxed. She felt the hot drizzle of his nut squirt inside her and drip out her freshly fucked hole as he slid it out a second too late. It splattered onto his belly and he sheepishly looked up into her amber eyes.

"It's okay," she coaxed, "I'm on the pill."

He nodded, out of breath, his raven bangs, stuck to his forehead.

El ran her hand along his reddened cheek, sticky and damp with exhaustion and body heat. She twirled her finger in his soft dark hair and then leaned down to kiss his clammy forehead, before climbing off of him. "I love you."

"I love you too, baby."